

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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ONE PENNY.



TWO THINGS WORTH LOOKING AT.

Modern Life

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EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

ROYAL SUITOR HAS A WARM QUARTER OF AN HOUR WITH QUEEN MARY.

An Incident at Cowes, and the "Song" that was Made of it.

I hear that Queen Mary had the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz aboard the Royal yacht at Cowes and gave him a severe "talking to" about his flirtation with the pretty young Viscountess Curzon. The heir of Strelitz "meant no harm," of course, but anybody who has seen Lady Curzon will readily forgive His Royal and Grand Ducal Highness for any sloppy moment he may have experienced while alone with the one-time Queen of the Earl's Court Tournament on board a yacht at Cowes. Anyway, young Lord Curzon was absent in the town, and Lady Drogheda had her own affairs to attend to, and if the lights in the deck cabin *did* go out while everybody else was dining, there wasn't much to make a song about. Still, the Hereditary Grand Duke has got to keep a very fair fame if he would win the hand of Princess Mary, and it certainly cannot be said that he has not had full opportunity to "make the running" to the exclusion of everyone else.

A Highly Privileged Prince.

No other foreign prince ever received such hospitality at the Court of St. James as H.R. and G.D. Highness. The Hereditary Grand Duke came over at the very beginning of the season, and has been here ever since, except for a few days when he went over to Germany to take the Prince of Wales to his own home at Neu-Strelitz. With the Prince he returned to London, and has had numerous private chats about things with the King, the Queen and their only daughter. There is always a young brother present, of course, but there is plenty of time for courting when Princess Mary begins to feel that way. They keep her very closely occupied at present, but she is still very much of a child, and though she has done with dolls, she got a tremendous amount of fun out of "Lloyd George's Baby"—the gutta-percha pig which she bought in town at Cowes while out walking with Prince Albert.

The Princess and "Lloyd George's Baby."

On board the "Victoria and Albert" Princess Mary was later on seen blowing out the pig, and rocking with laughter when the air gave out and it finally rolled over "dead" on the deck. Princess Mary's efforts to prevent the Queen seeing the baby were very funny. I learn that in spite of the lecture which the Hereditary Grand Duke is said to have received he is going to Balmoral, and will be able to learn something of deer-stalking in the autumn, although he is no mean shot, and knows more of English methods of sport than any other German alive. Since his grandmother, the English Princess Augusta, arrived in Neu-Strelitz as the wife of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz over seventy years ago, *battues*—the German form of deer and

pig-stalking—have been discontinued as a barbarous and unmanly slaughter of almost tame animals.

Lloyd George, the Peer, and the Roasted Ox.

Mr. Lloyd George has been pointing the finger of scorn at Lord Northbourne, the peer who said he would roast an ox for the benefit of his tenantry when the Chancellor of the Exchequer goes out of office. Lord Northbourne probably enjoys his new-found fame, for he has never been conspicuously popular, being satisfied with the respect the people amongst whom he lives, and having no desire to set up as an Empire-Maker. But Mr. Lloyd George is always ready to "get his own back" upon any member of the aristocracy who affords him an opportunity. There is Lord St. John of Bletso, for instance. That nobleman has died since—said something caustic about the Chancellor, and the latter at once retorted by instancing Lord St. John as a typical "backwoodsman," who, for all his coronets, counted for nothing with the people of England. Mr. Lloyd George asked "Who is this Lord St. John of Bletso?" expecting, of course, a chorus of cheers. But the insult to Lord St. John recoiled upon the Chancellor. Once, for a crowd of people rushed forward in the Press and public with such evidences of Lord St. John's activities plainly proved Mr. Lloyd George's ignorance.

A Real Noble Hermit.

And the same fate has befallen his intended "smack on the face" to Lord Northbourne, the *Daily Mail* having provided its readers with an account of that peer and his personality. But if Mr. Lloyd George really wanted to find a hermit peer at whom he could tilt without feeling that he should have selected the late Lord Stafford, who died recently. He was a real noble hermit, who, ever since he came into the ancient barony of the Jerninghams, has never once been seen outside his own grounds, and rarely outside his house. He lived to be eighty, and passed away without adding probably one yard of crêpe to the queue of Society's mourning. He was a bachelor, and he left his footprints on the sands of Time. We are reminded of him now by a line which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* the other day stating that Lord Stafford took his seat in the House of Lords for the first time since he succeeded to the title twenty-one years ago, etc.; that he is unmarried and other particulars equally inaccurate.

The Newest Member of the House of Lords.

The Lord Stafford who is the latest recruit to the House of Peers is, of course, no octogenarian bachelor, but a smart officer who sports the South African medals, is in his fifties, and is married. He is interesting, for he restores to the Peerage the name of Fitzherbert, of romantic memory. Everybody knows the story of Mrs. Fitzherbert and King George IV., and how that silly monarch stabbed himself in order to achieve a place in the heart of the proud beauty of Brighton. But what is not so well known is that Mrs. Fitzherbert and King George had a daughter. At any rate, the new Lord Stafford firmly believes they had. She was called Miss Smyth, and she figures in Mrs. Fitzherbert's will. Otherwise, she remains pretty much of a mystery, and the record of the days of King George and Mrs. Fitzherbert will figure in the Peerage henceforth as twelfth Lord Stafford, perpetuates one of the prettiest Royal romances the country has had. He is the son of one of the hermit Lord Stafford's sisters—the Stafford title being one of those old baronies that can pass through females. The new Lord Stafford lives at Costessey Park, the family seat in Norfolk, where the late Lord Stafford spent so many years trying to make false diamonds, and spent more in doing so than he made.

A Civil List Scandal.

Kissing goes by favour pretty much as it always did in the paths of literature and politics. We are reminded of a remarkable illustration of the way things are done now, days, by the good fortune of Mr. Austin Dobson, who, under the will of the late Lord Rendel, has just come in for a sum of £2,000. Do you know Mr. Austin Dobson? No! Well, he is a smug, comfortable Civil Servant who, from the Grammar School in Wales, came to London, joined the Board of Trade, and having had a soft job of a very long time in the order for many years, eventually retired from that position while still in the prime of life, with a pension of £533 6s. 8d. per annum. "A very fortunate man," you say, and we agree! Mr. Austin Dobson is in truth one of the luckiest civilians alive. A gentleman of a studious turn of



He: "Come now, Madge, tell me! Are you going to marry me or make a fool of me?"
 She: "My dear boy, I shall probably end in doing both."

He had for many years devoted his leisure hours to the task of turning out books on Eighteenth Century literature. Mr. Dobson was also something of a poet, and his first volume of poems, "Vignettes in verse," appeared as far back as 1873, and he has been writing ever since! He doesn't do that for his revenue from his many publications is very considerable, and Mr. Dobson is very comfortably off, after a life spent in the pursuit of Board of Trade matters on a sound and sure basis. With all of which we have, of course, no quarrel.

The Luckiest Litterateur Alive.
 Mr. Austin Dobson was sixty-three when he retired on a pension of £533 6s. 8d., and he is very much alive still, though he has passed away. But with all this good fortune, Mr. Dobson was not satisfied. He brought influence to bear in certain channels, and in the literary world was astounded to learn from the list of that year that Mr. Austin Dobson had been granted a pension of no less than £250! A more scandalous sum which is at the disposal of the Prime Minister under the Civil List Pension Act of 1901 than £1,200, and out of this sum pensions have been granted (or ought to be granted) to dozens of the most eminent litterateurs, or literary men, whose annual grant being given to Mr. Austin Dobson, the thing was done, and the matter was well done. Time passed, and the matter was forgotten, and so ere long other Dobsons began to dip into the same well-filled lucky bag! Nor did they. A year later three of the Misses Dobson

figured in the Civil List Pension list for £17 a year each, "on account of the services rendered to zoological science by their late brother, Surgeon-Major George Edward Dobson!" A few years later one of these ladies, Miss Julia Dobson, had another dip in the lucky bag, and came out with another £15 a year. All these pensions are still being paid to the Dobson family, who may be regarded as the luckiest family of pensionnaires in Britain.

What Mr. Austin Dobson Might Do!

But when one considers the enormous number of able literary men who find it hard work to make ends meet, many of whom have produced works of standard importance, and yet are always on the verge of bankruptcy, and have never enjoyed the comfortable security of a Government job with a handsome pension at sixty-three of half a thousand pounds a year, one wonders who is responsible for the compilation of the Civil List, and feels impelled to demand "a scrutiny." But now that Mr. Austin Dobson has been lucky enough to benefit by that £2,000, under the will of his cousin, Lord Rendel, will he have the decency to remit a portion of his £250 Civil List pension and allow it to be devoted to some other poor fellow of equal literary merit who may be in greater need of it?

The Crocodile Tears of the Joels.

Poor Solly Joel! He is still fuming at his disappointment over the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Walter. I learn that the secret of Solly's chagrin is not that his daughter is married, but that she did not wait to marry a title. That ambition is said by Mr. Joel's best friends to have obsessed him for years. He would not, of course, be peculiar in that respect. Bigger men than the purchaser of the £45,000 horse have been ready to sacrifice a daughter's happiness for the paltry glory of making her "My Lady!" But the Jews are notorious title-hunters. Miss Joel decided that "love was best," and so she took it when she had the

chance. And very wise of her, too. But it really is pathetic, the anguish which has been experienced over this little *affaire*.

Mr. Solly Joel's brother told one of the newspaper men that "It is a great wrong! I call it downright shameful! Can you wonder that my brother is so upset? Or if he feels as if his home had been wantonly broken up! He'll never speak to them again! He'll have nothing more to do with them as long as he lives! He'll never allow them to come near him again!" From which sickening parade of crocodile tears one might suppose that the poor girl had been ruined and "left on the mat" instead of healthily wedded to the man she wanted. The Joels cannot allege that they have not had all the advertisement they could have wished out of the "romance!"

No Royalty at Childwick Nowadays.

But the smart way in which Miss Joel diddled her family reminds us that she was more successful than the artful dodger who tried to diddle J. B. Joel over "Dean Swift" some eight years ago. If our memory serves us well, the perpetrator of that bogus telegram scratching Dean Swift for the "City and Sub." was never discovered, although a reward of five hundred pounds was offered for him. Mr. J. B. Joel lives at Childwick Bury, the estates in Hertfordshire made famous by the late Sir Blundell Maple during his dozen years on the Turf. Sir Blundell, curiously enough, was treated by his daughter pretty much as was Solly Joel. Sir Blundell had an only child, Miss Grace Maple, who might have married a duke had she wished, for she had beauty at its best, and a dot of two millions. But she fell in love with a German baron who was in the Prussian embassy in London, and insisted upon marrying him, although it nearly broke Sir Blundell's heart. The love match turned out anything but idyllic, however. Baron von Eckhardstein never shows his face in London now, and the Baroness is very happily wedded a second time to Captain Weigall, Lady Rose Weigall's son, a well-known cricketer, with whom she has just been having a great time at the Woodhall Spa cricket week. Sir Blundell lived long enough to witness all his prophecies of Baron von Eckhardstein come true, and then died. Mr. J. B. Joel bought his place at Childwick, lock, stock and barrel, but, unlike Sir Blundell, he has not yet had Royalty beneath his Hertfordshire roof-tree!

Three Divorce Suits—Six People.

Hove and Brighton have experienced a good many society sensations since the Regency days, but the latest scandal, of which the sequel will be heard when the Divorce Court opens its autumn session, relates to a curious manifestation of the morals and manners of modern smart society, which takes rank with the most piquant sensations of the good old days of yore. The actors in the drama are six in number, and their complicated relationships have led to the institution of three divorce suits, which will undoubtedly throw some remarkable sidelights on the inner life of society by the sea. The facts of the story are briefly as follows:—The daughter of a noble lord, who with other members of his family has long been resident in the "Queen of the South," contracted an advantageous marriage. Smart Society threw open its doors in welcome to the pair; all was lovely until the advent of a lady friend, who soon became "like a sister" to both of them. Then a man friend found his way into the family, and was "like a brother." The four were inseparable, and everything ran with the utmost smoothness until the announcement of the lady friend's engagement ruffled the placid surface of the "happy family" stream. Then the young son of Mars, the *fiancé*, became number five, and consequently the odd man out.

The wedding of the "lady friend" and "the odd man out" took place at the beginning of the year, and was one of the important events in the lives of the smart set by the sea. The bride looked beautiful, her dress was described by the papers as exquisitely elegant, society murmured its congratulations, and the flowing bowl was again and again raised in her honour. A sudden indisposition caused her, however, to quit the festive scene, and the guests quietly took their leave; but it was late that night before the blushing bride was sufficiently recovered to leave the home of her adoption with her gallant groom. The honeymoon was of the briefest, and then the bubble burst. White-washing and patching commenced in real earnest, but to no avail, and suddenly the chief actors in the drama became possessed of grievances and unpleasant truths were freely stated. "What the Butler saw," will be of supreme interest, and three petitions have been lodged to be thrashed out in that hall of justice presided over by an eminent Welshman.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

London's Traffic.

The Traffic Report has raised a storm which will be in subsiding, and it is easy to understand that the holders in the London motor-bus companies are not particularly happy. We have no animus against the companies, but it has been apparent for a long time that vehicles of private concerns could not always be allowed to run riot in the streets, going where they liked and controlling practically without check or control, and contributing almost nothing towards the upkeep of roads which they were destroying. Motor buses are as yet, comparatively speaking, only in their infancy. The powerful Trust which controls their operation in London, swallowing and should be curbed before its power becomes greater, the outcry set up in its interest leaves us entirely unable to see no injustice in the buses being placed under the control of the County Councils, and we fancy the appeals to the British sense of fairness will meet with disdain. What if the London County Council does not compete tram service? That service—imperfect though it may be—is maintained by the public, through its taxes, and for the public. The buses, on the other hand, are to earn dividends for a private body of shareholders, not necessarily to suit the public convenience, and that has, of course, to be studied.

A Curious Verdict.

The necessity of public control of motor traffic, not in London but in country districts, is accentuated by the Hoddesdon fatality. Not that we mean to suggest that an accident would not have occurred, public control or no public control. But it is intolerable that buses and cars—and especially the latter, which do not serve the convenience in any way whatever—should be allowed to "take charge" of the highways and byways, rendering unsafe for all other traffic by the reckless manner in which many motor vehicles are driven. The whole question of rights and usages of the roads of this country is ripe for discussion. At the present rate of progress the public will soon only be able to use the roads on sufferance, and by taking their lives in their hands. Returning to the Hoddesdon motor-bus accident, we must express our regret at the verdict of the coroner's jury. Why on earth should the conductor be censured for not being in his proper place? Of course we have not heard the evidence in detail, but we fail to see how a bus conductor in such circumstances could be said—in any conceivable circumstances—to be at fault.



Questions of the Hour: "Is there a Hell?"



He: "I hear your husband is of a ret'ring disposition."
She: "He is, but not usually before three in the morning."

influence in producing or preventing his 'bus from
ing or colliding with another vehicle. If he is clear
possibility, why censure him?

Johnson on a London Stage.

genuinely trust that the manager of the Metropolitan
Hall, Edgeware Road, will cancel the engagement
of this Monday. In any case a pugilistic show
is a deadly dull affair, especially to those
on anything about boxing. Such a "show" does
not celebrate an exponent of the fistic art (if we may
call it "journalese"). Therefore it is simply twaddle
to have engaged Johnson because of any
reason why he has been engaged. If Mr. Tozer
wants to let his patrons desire to see a clever display
of weights. There are scores in London alone who
know more about scientific boxing than Johnson.
It passes our comprehension how such an
engagement could be possible in London, although some
of the late have certainly been trying how far they
can go in other objectionable directions.

Is a "Lady" a Snob.

A choice specimen of the genus snob "A Lady" who
is a "Lady" a Snob. Her
to the *Daily Mail* would be hard to beat. Her
is really too delightful to be missed, so we give it
to the *Daily Mail* has no wish to cast a
ladies and gentlemen who are engaged in useful
it is for this reason that I write to call your attention
to a recent report of our work in organising a dance to
bring men and women. We were referred to in that
report as "ladies and gentlemen," a phrase which, I am sure,
brings their energy to the ladies and gentlemen who
are still alive on this planet! We had
the perfect lady" was confined to the washer-
class, but apparently we were mistaken. This is one
of those cases where we should have been pleased to give the
full name and address, if it had been vouchsafed.

Telephone Girls and Ears.

We have no desire to see German methods introduced
into England, but in the recent much-quoted case of the
Berlin telephone girl who was dismissed because she insisted
upon wearing a bandeau covering her ears, our sympathies
are entirely with the employer. The German is a stickler
for efficiency, and the telephone service he is accustomed to
is miles ahead of the one that we have to suffer for our sins.
Perhaps one of the reasons is revealed by the case which
has just been decided in the German courts. There is
sound common-sense in the objection to allowing a telephone
girl to cover her ears with wads of thick greasy hair, à la
Cleo de Merode, for it stands to reason that the hair will
get in the way of her hearing, and we are not the least sur-
prised to learn that many of the London operators habitually
dress their flowing locks in this peculiar style. Experi-
ence of the difficulty in making a telephone girl understand
the number required would lead us to suspect something of
the kind. Anyhow we fail to see why the Controller of the
London Telephones should be happy to say that here there
are no restrictions of a similar kind. Why shouldn't
there be?

The Balkan and The Gaiety.

The suggestion that the fall in the profits of the Gaiety
Theatre is due, in part, to the Balkan War, strikes us as not
a little amusing. It is doubtless true that stockbrokers
and financial men do patronise this theatre very largely,
but our experience tends to show that in times of financial
crisis the theatre, or place of amusement, is the last to
suffer—that is, of course, as regards those who frequent the
higher-priced seats. A man may omit to pay his tailor,
or run up a score with his butcher or wine merchant, but
if he has any ready money at all he doesn't curtail his
amusements. During the deadly depression which fol-
lowed the South African War (or, rather, which preceded the
introduction of Chinese labour—to give a more correct
reason), when the usually vigorous Johannesburg stock mar-
ket was quite stagnant, a tradesman of that town bitterly
remarked to us that the only place where he could find the
people who owed long overdue accounts was at the theatre.
They were all there,—in the stalls—rows of them. The truth
is that the more a man is worried by business, the more he
wants to be amused and distracted. In the case of the
Gaiety we imagine the other reason advanced for the slump
is the correct one. The theatregoer can get the same sort
of entertainment, equally well done, in the music-hall Revues
with the added advantage, of being able to smoke.

Harry Lauder, Humorist.

On one or two occasions of late we have said rather hard things about Mr. Harry Lauder, and the public's (and his own) over-estimate of his powers of humour. We take it all back, and admit, freely and frankly, that Mr. Lauder is a real, genuine, number one, top-notch humorist. The Scottish comedian announces his forthcoming retirement from the variety stage, after a fortnight at the Palladium, and a few weeks at one or two other London halls, followed by a two-years' tour in the colonies. That, of course, is pathetic, not humorous. But Mr. Lauder proceeds to say that the only thing that really stands in the way of his retirement is the applause of the public, by which he knows that he has succeeded in amusing it. If he did not get this appreciation "all the money in the Bank of England would not repay him." Mr. Lauder is on fairly safe ground there. If he did not get the applause managers would not pay him the princely salary which now falls to his lot. But let that pass! The real humour of the situation is contained in Mr. Lauder's further statement, or suggestion, that he is not accepting advance bookings—after the two-and-a-half years or so—because his popularity may then have waned, and he may not be worth as much to the music-halls as he is now. His refusal, we are to presume, is from conscientious scruples, lest the managers at that distant date should discover they have made a bad bargain. We refrain from comment, as the humour is sufficiently obvious to require no accentuation. Even one of our old friends, the marines, could appreciate this broad jest.

Mr. Roosevelt Again.

The irrepressible Theodore seems utterly unable to keep away from the limelight. What a magnificent press agent the United States lost when the Colonel decided to devote his energies to politics! In the lull following the last Presidential election he has sunk into a comparative obscurity,

which must be really painful to him. Hence, no doubt, his appearance on the scene as an expert on natural history in the form of a forthcoming series of life histories of the African lion and other big game. We shall be extremely surprised if the articles, "based mainly on first-hand observation," have the slightest value except to advertise the author, for, speaking frankly, there was about as much danger and adventure in Mr. Roosevelt's little trip to the African jungles, as is daily encountered byurchins tiddlers fishing in the Serpentine. These personally-conducted shooting trips, carefully pre-arranged and carried out with the assistance of hundreds of native followers, are about very fine sport, especially when Government preserves where the ordinary man may not draw trigger, are available, but they don't teach the sportsman anything worth knowing, or that wasn't known before. We do not recall our distinguished ornithologists from the ranks of those who are deadly shots at driven grouse, and thus we shall decline to accept Mr. R. as an authority upon anything but the art of self-advertisement, in which we have pleasure in giving him a helping hand. But what a terrible thing would be if our politicians were to follow this fashion of posing as experts on every subject of which they have but five minutes' knowledge.

The "Snowball" Prayer.

Of late we have received several copies of the "Snowball" prayer, with requests for advice, and to our correspondents and others we commend some interesting calculations seen to the *Spectator* by a recipient with a statistical turn of mind. He computes that "if none were to break the chain (and he threatens or hints of disaster which accompany the prayer somewhat nerve-shaking to superstitious people) by the tenth step the entire population of the world would have received one application and two-thirds would have paid off the National Debt; and leave enough over to pay for our imports for two years. By the twelfth step, reached in twenty-five weeks, the stamps, placed end to end, would reach to the Milky Way, and light, travelling at the rate of 86,000 miles per second, would take some thousands of years to travel along the line. By the twentieth step, the waste paper would have covered so enormous that the whole surface of the land would be covered by paper, tightly rammed down, to a depth of 3½ ft. These facts, I think, show the childish futility of the who try to keep the snowball rolling." We thank Mr. C. J. P. Cay of Dilcham Park, Petersfield, for a convincing answer to a very genuine number of well-meaning people, who have always tendered the "snowball" prayer into the fire and dismissed from their minds.

Detained by the King.

A paragraph, which was quite innocuous, but possibly calculated to mislead, appeared in a recent issue of this paper, regarding the career of Mr. Arthur Maltby, the novelist, at Marlborough House. The true story of this little episode, which happened in 1880, was that Mr. Maltby was arrested and detained for an hour or two because he was carrying a sword concealed within it, this being a patent of his own invention. Explanations followed, of course, and on the following day His late Majesty, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, honoured Maltby by inspecting the sword, and the versatile tailor, "United Suit," another inventor, absolutely nothing to be ashamed of in the incident, nor did our paragraph suggest that there was



Newly-arrived Missionary: "Dear me! Now, what a mistake our Society has made! Instead of those boxes of soap to clean the poor creatures I should have brought a few barrels of boot-polish."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

What is the meaning of all these hints and thinly veiled remarks about the rivalry existing between two very pretty and very married young Society women? Has a clean expression on *both* as to have caused such a state of things to exist? And did not one of these fascinating beauties quite prove the charity that is said to exist between woman and woman when one day in Cowes Week she walked up to a young man and said, "Lord So-and-So, if you are looking for your wife's cabin!" How's that for spite?

A particular shape of hat known as "The Come Over" is likely to become popular or the reverse; also, is its use to be a draw? To the trade, of course! Didn't it rise to the top when the nut was dining alone the other night at a certain

May I speak by replying, yourself, but I mustn't always appearances — the shape of they might mean. They fre — mean nothing.

is the Society who has the habit of gushing any newly-made acquaintance and then with her, on expedition she in- forgets to bring her initials are and that last an into Self- "just till we you know," suddenly made departure, say- a most press- and "add- out for a in the morn- Our friend is looking out."

is the much- be- the handsome son think about it? And has not the son in the giving "pater" some strongly worded talks of the ways and wiles of the flapper are many and and, if we mistake not, before long a bright and young lady with striking eyes and a good com- As the reigning chatelaine at the ancient old Eric's dear little son to call me 'Granny.'" Well would be something at nineteen.

the officer (the one with his hair done beaver in a certain smart regiment show himself up in his (those of a cad) the other night at mess when in a he enquired of a young subaltern who had recently here, you can tell us all about this sort of thing. He was, in fact, reflecting on the newcomer's although quite a gentlewoman by birth, rather a burden to her own people in a time of adversity

preferred to turn the excellent taste for which she has always been praised to profitable account, and accordingly opened a dressmaking establishment in Bond Street. Al- we wish to say is that it might do good to the gentleman, to whom this kind of remark seems natural, to go through a little self examination as regards his own pedigree. He might surprise himself.

Is it a fact that the doctor who was called in to attend the case has become so smitten that he finds it difficult to call less than four times a day, and that the servants are already winking at one another and smiling when not on personal duty? What does the husband think of it, and what can it be that makes some men so blind that they can't see when some other fellow admires their especial property? Still, she's very pretty and winsome, and the doctor's all there for beauty, and the husband is none too attractive. What will the end be?

Does Lady A., of the fair hair, always so perfectly dressed and the admiration of everyone, mean to pay that "chemmy" debt, and if not, then why not? Is it a fact that her Ladyship is inclined to suffer from a peculiar sort of bad memory, inasmuch that she only remembers what is due to her?

Why is the wife of the Colonel always referred to among "the colony" as "the Drum Major"? Has it anything to do with her walk? And is it not also said by one of the juniors in the company "Mrs. Blank is in command; the fact of the Colonel's name figuring in the Army List is merely a mistake on the part of the War Office"?

Why has the artist apparently "given" all those sketches to the lady with the auburn hair and the receding chin? And if they are all gifts made to the lady, why is she willing to part with them "just to you, don't you know," and if they are all the

lady says they are, what is her husband thinking about the matter? Is not the whole solution that the lady was short of wall fittings, that the artist came to the rescue with a proposal, and that her drawing room is nothing more nor less than a sale room for a poor relation's pictures?

Why does a certain young stockbroker find it somewhat difficult to sit down? Is it a fact that a somewhat inglorious region of his anatomy is still smarting from the contact with a very well-made American boot? And the tale he's telling! Oh! why, why couldn't he invent something a little more plausible, or get someone else to do it for him?

Why does a certain lady of exalted position shudder at the very mention of the word "cotton"? To us such affectation seems absurd. If your income comes from a certain source you should be clever enough to "push things quietly" and not turn up your nose at your own bread and butter. You don't suppose that "Lipton, of Yacht fame" runs the cheese trade down, do you?



He: "Money is only hard cash, after all."
She: "I don't care. It's a nice thing to fall back on, no matter how hard."

A PEBBLE OFF THE BEACH.

The "Youngster" was swanking furiously.

"I tell you," he said, "that she's got the smartest bathing gown of any woman on the beach, and her name's Angela."

Several faces were turned in his direction, each one inquiringly eloquent in its own peculiar style.

"How do you know?" asked Captain Forrest, an old sea dog of seventy odd summers.

All ears were strained to catch the reply.

"Ah!" said the "Youngster" with a knowing wink, "I've had exceptional opportunities for finding out. I tell you it's a bit choice—crimson silk, fits like a glove and has black buttons in profusion."

"H'm!" exclaimed old "Tommy" Pemberton with a chuckle, "sounds rather fetching. Must have a look at it myself!"

The "Youngster" became rash. "Don't you wish you might, my boy," he said, "Why, Angel (that's what I call her) is a pattern of prudery. Never goes outside the ladies' bathing place. A squint through the telescope is all you'll get. Take my word for it!"

But "Tommy" Pemberton would not be crushed—particularly by the "Youngster." That would be quite too mortifying.

"I believe you're lying!" he said with characteristic bluntness. "I don't believe a word you've said. Swank, that's all!" And at this everyone laughed.

But the "Youngster" rose to the occasion.

"Very well," he said, "I'll have a bet with you. I'll lay you a fiver that I'll not only get a closer look at the bathing gown; I'll bring you a button! Then perhaps you'll keep your sneers to yourself."

There was a chorus of voices.

"Take it on," said one, "It's a sporting offer. Take it on!"

"Make it a tennér if you like," insisted the "youngster," with increasing swank. "Never lose an opportunity of making an honest penny when you can!"

"Right," said Pemberton decisively. "It's a tennér, but we must have a time limit."

"Certainly," said the "Youngster," "within a week!" and he smiled with the utmost satisfaction, as he regarded himself in the glass of the smoking room of the Yacht Club at Pendleton.

Angela was bathing. She plunged, rose, swam, trod water, splashed, and kicked like a veritable sea nymph.

It was rough, for a smart south-easter was coming up, and the rest of the women bathers bobbed timidly up and down at the end of their lines; but Angela rose up on the comb of a wave like a South Sea Islander, and laughed aloud with pure physical joy as she shook the drops from her eyes and drew in a full breath.

At the end of the pier a man was bathing. She could see his dark head at times above the crests of the waves. She wondered what he could possibly be doing. He seemed to be splashing in a most unusual way.

Suddenly a wild cry rang over the water.

"Help! Help! Cramp!"

One glance was enough. With swift, powerful strokes Angela cleft the heaving water. Something splendid seemed to rise up within her, and she answered to the call like a high-mettled horse to the touch of a whip.

She was nearing the pier and bore inwards lest the strong current should sweep her against the piles.

She was getting nearer. "All right!" she cried. "I'm coming!"

She was by his side. "Here, rest on my shoulder," she said, "and I'll make for the steps."

But all he did was to clutch frantically at her gown, seemed to have lost his senses.

"Don't do that!" she cried imperiously, "or you'll drown us both!" But as he tugged and pulled without mercy, the shadow of a second hand met his, when with utmost dexterity she clasped her own over it.

She got him to the steps more easily than she expected, and he pulled himself up gasping for breath, and looking at her with grateful eyes while she stood beside him, a water dripping from her crimson gown and round white arms, streams over her splendid shoulders and quite forgetful of her own state.

"You're not hurt, I hope!" she said, quite forgetful of her own state.

"No, no," he stammered awkwardly. "I don't know how to thank you enough."

"Oh, that's all right!" she replied lightly. "Don't think about it! Here's the man coming. Ask him for some brandy. It's the thing for you just now."

So saying she turned gracefully again into the sea, her noble-looking head being smaller and smaller as she neared the shore.

He smiled, a complaisant smile, that would fetch her, said, "I've won my bet on the last day too! How superb she looked down!"

He looked slowly unclosed his hand, posing to view—a tiny, little!

He muttered a oath. He was done, an angry frown he once more towards the shore. But Angela had disappeared.

"Now, I wonder how she knew?" he said slowly.

FRANCES BURKE HARRIS



"My good man," said the leader of the slum party, "can you have tango danced for us?"

"I don't permit the mum," responded the of the dance hall.

"Have you the audacity to criticise dances danced in the best society?"

"I ain't criticising dances like them, my license."

THE BRUTE!

"Do you believe that money has germs on it?"

"It may have."

"What in the world shall we do?"

"Don't worry! It would take a mighty active germ hop from the money to you during the short time I keep what I give you."

EVERYTHING RELATIVE.

Madge: This summer seems to be much cooler than Marjorie: You must remember, dear, that you're not wearing so many clothes.

CAPTIOUS CRITICS.

Slender: Gee! Miss Dashaway's bathing worse than what she wore at the casino last night.

Wachwel: Yes; she had her diamonds on them.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

"You really believe tobacco is a sedative?"
"The moment I light my cigar my mother-in-law goes out."

* * *
INCLUSIVE PRICE.
Waiter: Hi, waiter! I have just broken my fork and a piece out of a knife with this infernal beefsteak. Don't worry, sir. The use of the cutlery is included in the price of the meal.

* * *
WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY.
Valet (to Lady's Maid): Mary, it's a mistake to use the princess's special perfume. All my friends will think I was a blind fool, and that's why I'm broke. Six months ago I might have seized fortune by the forelock! Was it blonde or brunette?

* * *
Photographer: For children, sir, my price is five shillings a dozen.
Indignant Customer: That's unfortunate. I am afraid to wait a few months. At present I have only five.

* * *
SURE THING.
Do you think we shall manage to keep this carriage all the way to Brighton?
Hand: Sure! Didn't you notice there is a pretty fellow alone in the next carriage?

* * *
NOT FOR THE MONEY.
Man, here's twopence for you. What sort of weather have you this afternoon?
Woman: Wind, storm.
Man: Confound it! What do you expect for twopence?

* * *
WITH AN ACCENT.
Jones (meekly): Did you ever see me anything but Jones: Yes; last night you were anything but sober!

* * *
ANXIOUS TO MAKE A DATE.
"Don't you call to-morrow evening?" she asked. "Father never has a night off, let me know and I'll drop in."



The Grocer: Here, I can't take this shilling. It's got a hole in it.
Indignant Customer: Then I shan't have your Gruyere. It's full of them.—*Journal Amusant.*

Gushing Girl (to bride): Oh, Dorothy, your little house is simply angelic!
Bride: It will be more angelic when Archie adds on the wings!—*Town Topics.*

ALL AT SEA.

"My friends," fervently exclaimed one of the temperance spellbinders in the recent campaign for local option in an up-State county, "if all the saloons were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the inevitable result?"
And from the rear came the loud and emphatic answer: "Lots of people would get drowned."—*Gargoyle.*

Jill: Is Gill a good judge of cigars?
Bill: I think he must be. He had two last night. He gave me one. He must have kept the best one.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MARKED.

Mother: Don't cry, dear. Which one of the twins hit you?
Dear: The one with the black eye.—*The Sphinx.*

"I am afraid that actors sometimes deceive us about the salaries they get."
"No," replied the keen observer. "They may think they do, but they don't."—*Washington Star.*

THE FEMININE COMMENT.

"My husband," she said, "always wants me to look my best, no matter what the cost."
"Well," her friend replied, "one can hardly blame him for feeling as he does."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



He: "No chauffeur, no tales out of school. The gear is inside and I control myself."
She: "Um! Always?"—*Pages Folles.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Whether the new Laureate's "Ode to Love" on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife will make lines for posterity? And whether it will be sent to all the papers at the same time and not sold to a halfpenny daily as an "exclusive"?

Who was the pretty girl who awaited the arrival of King Manoel at Folkestone Harbour station en route for Germany last week?

Whether there is not tremendous alarm in military circles in Europe at the Austrian Emperor's capitulating to his nephew's desire for complete control of the forces of the dual monarchy? And whether the Austrians and Hungarians will stomach the taxation which will follow Archduke Francis Ferdinand's programme of military expansion?

Why the two sons of the German Emperor who have been in Britain lately were not invited to Balmoral?

Where "Freddy" Dhuleep Singh got that old Irish potato ring which he gave Mr. Ned Grenfell's bride as a wedding gift the other day, and whether it was not originally a present from the pretty Curragh colleen of a decade ago?

Why Lord Desborough and his wife and daughter were conspicuous by their absence at the marriage of their relative?

Whether the Pavlova-Novikoff incident was not the art-fullest piece of Press agentic since the matinée hat case?

That those in the general know are saying that S was never as dull as it is now, even within the mem the very old people. That the reason given for this u factory state of affairs is the disinclination of the peop "really matter" to follow in the wake of royalty, wh not sufficiently broad to suit all tastes. On all side hears sighs and regrets for the "good old days" of Edward that were brief but crammed full with never forgotten things. Still times change and we change them; and whilst we feel we are undergoing the worst least can be optimistic enough to hope for better to come.

Whether some interesting sights are not to be seen year at Sea View? If some of the fair wearers of bathing gowns are not to be complimented on their ality of design, whether they are in the habit of swimming lessons in the "off" season, and what the really meant when she said: "You really don't need able to swim. All you need do is to bend"?

The truth about the little *affaire d'amour* which is circulated concerning young Lord Wendover? Whether has anything to do with his father's decision to make into a cavalry officer, and whether Lord Lincolnshire that by giving the boy something to occupy his time h soon forget the charming little lady whom it is quite sible for him to marry?

Why it is that Irish women are one of two things—so alluringly beautiful that a man doesn't sort of whether he is standing on his head or heels, or so ugly it makes him wonder to what use they were ever What about the prominent politician who recently went to the West of Ireland on a visit to a friend, and wh likely to be the sequel to his meeting with the pretty Galway? Whether he isn't absolutely going off his with enthusiasm? And being a widower, and middle-aged he wanted some urging before he'd lost head or anything else.

Whether the new wedding fashion, of augurated by Mr. C. C. Lucas, of the bridge Royal Horse Artillery, of the bridegroom clasp the bride round the waist as he follows her leave the church, is likely to be followed? And whether the bridegroom is not to who should be restrained from a hasty departure on such occasions?

Whether the new "Teddy Bear" considered more convenient for hug purposes?

Whether the confession of one of the that Regent Street tea-shop girls do wear their wedding or engagement while at work because "part of a tea-girl's duty is to look as attractive as possible to men customers," is not more candid edifying? And whether the rings, if w would make much difference?

Whether a cross parent or two would be one result of our flappers adopting transparent skirt?

Whether the X-ray fashion will lie to the saying that women are such actresses that it is difficult to see through them?

A solicitor at a Welsh court last week complained the absence of his client, a grocer, by saying that the grocer's wife had increasing the population that morning as his client was the only one in the mess he could not leave the shop.

A lady had been reading the first second chapters of Genesis to her small who was much impressed by the creation Eve. That night, after he had been to bed, he began crying for his mother. "Mother! mother! Come quick, I'm ill. I've such a pain in my side. I'm going to have a wife?"



G. VERNON HOLLAND.

Officer: "Excuse me, Miss, but the regulations forbids bathing here."

"Miss": "Well, why on earth couldn't you tell us when we were getting undressed?"

Officer: "Oh, it don't say nothing about undressing."

... of the two actresses who are attracting so much
n at Trouville by reason of the extravagant jewelled
adorning their shoes, and if it is a fact that when
ade their last appearance in London it was in the
of a musical comedy at the modest salary of 25s.

* * *

... the acting of Mlle. Mado Minty in "Come Over
is as saucy as her name?

* * *

... a certain nobleman and his wife are aware that
ndlord of a North Country hotel is in the habit of
ing his guests with snapshots of their illustrious
wading and paddling in the briny close by his estab-
ment, and whether they would be annoyed if they knew?

* * *

... the latest farcelet at the Empire, "A Cold
che," in which a bathroom scene is introduced, is not
naughty enough to have been imported from France?

* * *

... the idea of keeping the hair close-cropped during
youth in order to avoid becoming bald in old age is
nonsense?

* * *

... of the irrepressible "Johnny about town" who
private luncheon to be given in honour of
Bernhardt when she arrives at Folkestone on
Paris. Whether it is a fact that a certain
young poet has offered to "stand the damage"
of her present?

* * *

... a commercial gentleman who inserted an adver-
tising paper to the effect that he wanted to
hire a man to clean, blanch, overalls, etc., has
been successful with a job?

* * *

... there is any truth in the story about a certain
an Count who, while staying as a guest in a famous
bath, in tracing his way back to his room after the morn-
ing bath, that he hit upon the ingenious plan of taking a
set of wafers with him to drop along the passages as he
went?

* * *

... the buying of a marriage licence is sometimes
to leading a dog's life?

* * *

... the mauve complexion, now so popular in Paris,
and its way over this side of the Channel, and the
it will produce over seaside tan?

* * *

... identity of the Society lady who is so eager to be mis-
taken for Queen Mary, and who is so careful to imitate the
of Her Majesty's clothes and way of dressing her hair?

* * *

... the morality of the "slit skirt" is after all only a
question?

* * *

... of the eccentric gentleman who has just become
a member of the Royal Automobile Club for the sole pur-
pose of getting a shave there each morning?

* * *

... the absence of "nuts" from the foyers of the
music halls is a sign that they are now busy nutting
on the beach?

* * *

... the person who deposited a pair of corsets as
for a loan of seven shillings, intended to have a
"bust up" on it?

* * *

... the beautiful bouquet of roses presented to
Pavlova as she left Victoria Station for Munich, and
it really was a blush that mounted to her cheeks
when the slip of note-paper fell out upon the platform?

* * *

... the only hole a golfing beginner has any difficulty
in getting into is the one on the green?

* * *

... the name of the famous lady singer who, while trying
to sing songs with her accompanist in her flat at St.
Wood, suddenly caught sight of herself in the mirror
and with a gasp of horror discovered that her hair was still
up in curl-papers?

* * *

... the police have any idea of the cock-fighting
on at frequent intervals in the cellar of an old
house, a hundred miles from Aldershot, and whether
His Majesty's cavalry officers are responsible?



ONLY A CIPHER.

"I say, who's that funny little man with your Ma?"
"That aint a man: it's father."

Whether it is a fact that a new cabaret club, "the most
luxurious establishment of the kind ever seen," is shortly to
be opened in London, and whether the edict has already
gone forth that "only real ladies will be admitted"? By
the way, what is a "real" lady?

* * *

Whether the obese gentleman who got wedged into a seat
of the Bakerloo Underground and was carried two stations past
his destination before being liberated by the aid of some of
his fellow passengers will prefer to be a strap-hanger in
future?

* * *

Whether the Chicago policewoman will be well "looked
after"?

* * *

The name of the Society beauty, now at Deauville, who
is being blackmailed by a former lady's maid whom she dis-
charged some months ago? Whether the latter is offering
to sell her, at fabulous prices, a number of compromising
letters which she succeeded in stealing whilst in her employ,
and how the lady will manage to keep the affair from the
knowledge of her husband?

* * *

Whether the greeting of the King and Queen on their
arrival at Balmoral by fifty kilted Highlanders carrying
lighted torches, may be described as a "blazing" reception?

* * *

That the old sailor whom we fell in with during Cowes
Week had a good deal to say that was interesting, and could
open the eyes of a good many people if he had but the power
to say all he knew. "My word," said he, as a party were
landing from one of the best known yachts, "I knew his
father sixty years ago. Didn't they 'go it' then! But as
yer a noospaper man, maybe I'd better not say any more!"
and his wrinkled old face implied volumes; and so we started
speculating as to the market value of the information he
could impart.

* * *

Who was it sent the King of Buganda to Coventry?

* * *

Whether Harry Lauder, when he reaches Africa, will try
"Stop yer tickling, Jock" upon the mosquitoes?

* * *

Whether there are not a number of smart society women
who have lately been making a lot of money on the Stock
Exchange, and whether the subjects of children and servants
are now barred in the modern drawing-room in favour of the
more engrossing topics of "bulls" and "bears" and special
settlements?

TABLOID TOPICS.

What a number of people get stout nowadays, judging by the boom in Guinness shares.

According to a University president, in war it costs £3,000 to kill a man. And yet they say doctors overcharge.

"No Hawkers and No Bottles," we read on the gate of an Upper Tooting semi-detached. Evidently they prefer to buy it by the barrel.

Marks of Affection.—A Bremen paperhanger has been fined sixty marks for giving his mother-in-law a toad pie for a birthday present.

"I begin to think," says Arnold Bennett, in one of his recent articles. Which, if persisted in, will take him out of the list of popular authors.

Mr. Frank Idle, conductor of the Stock Exchange choir, has been appointed organist at the Wesleyan Kingsway Church. More work for idle hands.

Dealing with the Registrar General's report on the census of 1911, the "Daily Chronicle" prints a head-line: "Families without adults."—Great Scott! What next?

If it takes an Official Enquiry Committee three years to investigate the cause of the Army biscuit ravaging, how long will it take a beetle to eat a mile of red tape?

With liabilities estimated at £370,000 the banking firm of Mansour and Ade's, of Cairo, has suspended payment. It is now a case of men sour and Hades to pay.

Seals are being shot in the Wash, says a report. But our washerwoman will doubtless continue to fob off on us all manner of excuses for the state of our returned linen.

Photographs with closed eyes are the latest fashion with society beauties. Poor things. Their eyes are so wide open at other times that they deserve a rest sometimes.

A contemporary's alarming placard runs: "The decay of flirting." It is hoped that the Government will lose no time in appointing a Special Commission of Enquiry.

Mrs. Harriet Hite, of Thurleigh, Bedfordshire, celebrated her hundredth birthday last week. May we express the hope that she has not yet reached the topmost height of the ladder of life?

According to reports, mosquitoes have been very busy in the eastern suburbs of London. Naturally! Since the new fashions reached the east, the mosquitoes have a great deal more ground to cover.

A well-known French writer says that if a man handles a peach tenderly he is the sort to marry. The peach's experience, however, is that the brute—especially at holiday time—seldom means business.

"The ideal bathing costume," says a girl lover of the sea, in the "Daily Mirror," "is a royal blue dress, so arranged that it reveals, and at the same time conceals the lines of the body." Kind of hide and see (k).

A nut writes us desparingly from the seaside that according to the medical experts he will get photophthalmia if he looks at the sea, while if he turns his eyes landward he is sure to have a bad attack of inflammation of the heart.

Owing to the number of recent deaths through taking poison, an American chemist has hit upon the idea of putting up poisons in coffin-shaped tabloids. It remains for an enterprising undertaker to display an alluring advertisement upon them.

To a picture of a man hugging a buxom young lady who is apparently holding a string which stretches round a large map of Great Britain, the *Daily Mail* affixes the quite necessary description "How Ramsgate people were kept informed of the airman's progress." And a very nice way, too. But why only Ramsgate? Has that Channel resort the monopoly of canoodling in public.

Two's company—three's mum.

A Danish engineer has invented an automatic sawdust willow for the next great war how the sawdust will grow!

"Wives in the Air," runs a *Daily Mail* headline for us, this kind! We fear they would be in the air.

The salesmen at Billingsgate are charging double on the ground that there is a shortage in the sea. It looks fishy.

No grounds for a peel.—A retired naval captain of Guildford has been sent to gaol for a month for peeling grounds in his pyjamas.

A Holloway woman poured spirits of truth on her husband's head while he was asleep. Training to be an off his character, no doubt.

Sun Yat Sen has vanished again. The Chinese south (of China) and sank in Japan. The Chinese would prefer Sun to be permanent.

A consolation prize at a beauty show given to a Hindian's wife sounds rather a questionable consolation. Perhaps the poor girl had married a low comedian.

Mrs. Emma Rupp, a New York Suffragette, has been run in for trying to break up her meeting. It's of Emma up and hubby down, and no inter-rup-tion.

The King of Buganda, in matinee dress, was seen the other day. From this report it would seem that he followed the fashion set by Lady Godiva in the same way.

"Thaw's off" is the report of the *Daily Mail* from the New York Criminal Asylum. It is pretty clear that the frozen mitt over the mitts, at an early hour, will get the frozen mitt over the mitts.

A family of three is, we hear, the most popular size in England. The explanation is that if you have them all of age you scoot.

The Vicar of Brixton has written a "Woman Tell?" Authorities whom he consulted class the plot as "very telling."

If you are always smiling you are the specialists of Baltimore. But you'll get a smack in the eye from the man whose wife is in the bus.

A beer barrel fell off a taxicab in the Strand one day, and knocked down a fire engine. A large number of engines to the spot. Nothing doing, as the pumps were in the way.

One of the *Star's* "Housewives in Scotland" tentatively asks: "Will someone tell me how to cook the oven in Scotland?" If she doesn't want to cook of it, we recommend a coal or gas fire, and be careful to avoid Burns.

All the male guests at a recent wedding near Glasgow wore white flannels, "as a tribute to the proclivities of the bride's family." Well, it may have been a compliment to the bride, but it seems to us like the game of the bridegroom.

An exhibition of phyllopoas, a species of water bug, interesting visitors to the reptile house at the Zoo. Usually we don't care for water as a beverage, so we are rushing to inspect the creatures which presumably are odd corners in the anatomy of our friends the teetotal.

In spite of its American origin, the Davis Love Cup has been confiscated as a doubtful article by New York Customs officials, who declare that it was acquired by Americans abroad and for their personal use. There is nobody so cocksure as an American. Tennis enthusiasts maintain that the Cup has been across the Atlantic for a short visit, mistaken.



"Don't take any notice of this man, my dear!"
"Why?"
"Last night he tried to kiss me, and when I said 'stop it,' he did."

WIT AND WISDOM.

His story doesn't line up with history he
the historian, who probably wasn't there.
is more of a stranger than fiction.
men simply dream of fame; others keep awake and
we were a market for after-thoughts, most of us would
you fail to put your best foot forward when you
once you may feel like using it to kick yourself
try: If a man is only as old as he feels, then is a
only as old as she tells?
is baby nearly always
others are ill-natured?

Judging from their actions, a man sometimes wonders if
his friends are not enemies in disguise.
Just as a woman quits worrying about her own age she
begins to worry about that of her unmarried daughter.
Dead dogs wag no tails.
Some wives really believe that they have faith in their
husbands.
Men like to talk as well as women do, but they want pay
for it.
You may expect cold treatment from others if you make
it hot for them.
Some women lose faith in the efficacy of prayer when
their complexions begin to fade.

IN STAGELAND.

Coffee is very good for night firemen more especially when it is on the spot and does not necessitate any old men looking after themselves while it is fetched. This, they tell me, is the view of Mr. Oswald Stoll on the incineration of his beautiful new Chiswick Empire.

Peculiar that lumps of glowing stage were to be picked up on Turnham Green till quite a late hour Wednesday morning.

Mr. Oswald Stoll, most unfortunately, is by no means the heaviest loser. I know of minor artists whose properties have been entirely destroyed, some of which were uninsured. When it is realized that, in striking reversal of Continental procedure in similar cases, our managements are not held responsible in any degree at all for any properties so destroyed, it will easily be seen that black ruin has probably overtaken the artists mentioned.

I am notified that Mr. Charles Hawtrey's "Never Say Die" is due to replace "General John Regan" at the Apollo on Thursday, September 10th. The yarn is about a gentleman who has been living at such a rate that he is promised an early demise by his medical advisers. So he decides to get married and to "send in his papers" at the end of one year. He lives a wild year and many unexpected complications occur when he fails to exit as medically advised. Hawtrey is precisely the man for any such pickle — so this promises very well.

Mr. Alfred de Mauby, Mr. Geo. Edwards's wonderful new baritone, who has been lent recently to the Palladium and other L. L. V. halls, where he has been conducting a simple and charming song scene, is joint managing director of the Zenith Film Co., who have recently made a big success with "Ivanhoe." He tells me that he has Seymour Hick, Ellaline Terris and Co. filming "David Garrick" for him, and numerous other important cinema proposals are on hand.

By the way, the *Referee* tells us that Mr. Percy Burton has been chasing Mr. Bernard Shaw with a view to filming "The Devil's Disciple." It is rather unkindly put, and, besides, we are all so very "well acquainted" with our one and only Bernard already. Bernard sees to that.

If only these revues could begin where they generally leave off, what a happier London this would be just now. "8d. a Mile" is improved absolutely clean out of recognition. I was present on the second night, and only two or three of the most desirable items of the entertainment, as it was then given, remain on to-day's programme. The rest of the revue has been crammed very full with pretty and effective numbers of a very high standard of excellence. Ella Retford is that rare type of vivacious artist who is the life and soul of revue as we like it best. There are also Charlie Marny and Bob Robert, a Yankee pair, who are comedians of the very first water.

In a charming letter just received from Mr. A. C. ... who has just completed ... Romance. For Christmas he has ... days' rest before entering into ... into November, and then he sails for Canada ... known and well-loved English repertoire. * and Samp

As a novelty, I commend le Cirque des
lesque gymnasts, at the Victoria Palace last
suburban tour just now. Their show is refreshing,
as up to a certain point in their show it is difficult
precisely where genuine "strong man" acts end, and
begin. You see, so very many of these "strong
to-day genuinely border on the supernatural, and
one may be forgiven for being deceived by the
artists. If I may say so, it is not a thing to be
grumble at, but the audience is rather prone to be
sheepish at its own credulity when, after applause
tiful long-arm balance, we see them rely on their
maintain the same balance on a newspaper
wise by the teeth. That is, I think, a mistake.
should use their wonderfully disguised apparatus for the
play of super-marvellous, but not impossible feats. I
grateful to them—they are a novelty.



Near-sighted Friend (to distinguished naturalist). "Some of your ancestors, I presume."

her works should surely be very well worth
Which reminds me that Mr. Frederick Ross is
likely to play in "Joseph and His Brothers" & His Ma
as announced by me last week. captains, ing ma

I have once again found the two *Arms* and *Green*, on the same bill, with really interesting material in these columns previously. The latter—only latter up to now—has been removed, and their rest of their act is mildly musical and humorous, respectable average amateur scale.

"Oh, I Say!" at the Criterion, London. This is just the fare for "unhappy" visitors. I like this sort of thing, it is just the sort of thing I will like, whether the weather be in preparation for Mark and Sydney Blow. I hear, "Franchy" farce with an inter-continental tale, which I tried in the provinces before coming to a London probably the Queen's.



No. 16.

EMPERESS CATHARINE II.

born at Stettin in 1729, the daughter of Prince Anhalt-Zerbst. While still a child they took her to marry the Grand Duke Peter, a miserable, almost idiotic creature, who had taken to drink at ten years of age and whose chief occupation at his marriage was to lie in play with tin cannon or to have some real soldiers in his room, make them counts and barons, and conduct an army state, unmaking his new nobility as fast as he made them. His young wife was a beautiful and gentle girl, and her ugly husband disgusted her within an hour of the marriage. They had rechristened the German princess on her entry into the Greek Orthodox Church, and the bathing which Peter inspired in his wife soon changed the little plighted and skilful maid into a proud and determined woman of the world.

romantic Lover from Poland.

to the throne of Russia was too besotted to realise his own set in his wife, and so it was not long before best policy of admirers. Catherine had the wit to see to be nothing less than her own complete triumph as of Russia. And through the most amazing chapters to Europe has ever witnessed, she achieved her end— at every turn, and hated by her ambitious mother-in-law, Empress Elizabeth, Catherine of Zerbst had to surround her own friends, and most of them shared not favour, but her bed. The first on the list was the Grand Duchess's ear, what time her husband spat at and guzzled his vodka like any rude teamster upon highway. But Catherine Alexievna never forgot her while she allowed her best friends to become her and ere long she saw that Sergius Soltykoff, however full he might be as the sharer of her lighter hours, would turn out a statesman who would rise to her need when an hour of revolution came—as come it would. (And so sooner than Catherine anticipated!) So Sergius Soltykoff had a long experience in diplomacy, knew the secrets of courts of Europe well, and was no sluggard at the game of politics. Prince Poniatowski was not the man Catherine wanted, but, when she came along, she had to be content with the Prince. In the meantime Prince Poniatowski was a handsome fellow, and not handsome he was comely and charming. He had information, keen and romantic by nature, and gained access to Catherine by the straight

The Arrival of Gregory Orloff.

The Death of Empress Elizabeth.

It mattered nothing to Catherine that Gregory Orloff had had for grandsire a common Russian soldier. Nor that he was years younger than herself. It was sufficient for her that he was *the man*! And the hour of Catherine's triumph quickly approached. The first act of the great drama which now opened was the death of the obnoxious Empress Elizabeth, Catherine's mother-in-law. The Empress had drunk herself to death, and, with his mother out of the way, Peter became Tsar of Russia, and Catherine became Tsarina. Clad in his new Imperial robes, the new Emperor publicly insulted his wife, and ordered her to be arrested and imprisoned. Orloff stood by, and listened, and waited! Peter's hour of degradation was hastening on! The next act was an effort on the part of Peter to change his religion, in order that, as a Lutheran, he might marry Elizabeth Voronsoff, the mistress whom he was always hurling in his wife's teeth. This was a fatal act, as it turned the Russian soldiers against their Emperor. And it proved "the last straw!" Gregory Orloff had his plans for the Revolution all carefully laid. Immediately the moment had arrived when Peter had caused the appropriate spirit of disaffection to arise amongst the troops. Orloff struck! Boldly he and Catherine prepared the ground by attempting to seize the new Emperor and shut him up, as had been done to the Empress Anne and her children.

Catherine's Famous Ride to Oranienbaum.

The Murder of Peter III.

The *coup d'état* was complete. Safely ensconced in a prison fortress, Peter III. asked little but to be left alone. Catherine and Gregory Orloff were "in full command" of the Russian forces. But it was not sufficient for Gregory Orloff that he was practically Emperor of Russia. He wanted to be the Emperor in reality. That was a mistake, as he found out only when it was too late. His first move was to get rid of the husband of Catherine. So one day, three weeks after Peter's consignment to his prison, Gregory's brother, Alexis Orloff, and Count Teploff appeared at his prison and asked themselves to dinner with the deposed monarch. Alexis Orloff himself mixed poison with the Tsar's wine, and, all unsuspecting, the doomed Tsar drank deeply—as usual! Quickly he was in the throes of death, but amidst his pain his loyal valet entered the apartment and attempted to rescue his master from his would-be assassins. But Orloff and Teploff dared not return to Catherine and admit that Peter was still alive. So the last desperate deed had to be done. The poison seemed like to leave Peter ill, but alive. So Alexis Orloff threw the stricken Tsar to the ground, knelt upon his chest, while Baratinski, the Commander of the Guard, and Count Teploff placed a serviette with a sliding knot round Peter's throat, drew it tight, and left the unfortunate Tsar dead on the floor.

The Parting with Gregory Orloff.

The poor little princess who once played with the children in the streets of Stettin, and who in early life seemed destined to have such an uneventful career that she used to refer to her childhood as having "nothing of interest in it," was now Empress of Russia, and the lover of the strongest man in Europe. The vile curmudgeon who had sometimes called her wife, but who had generally referred to her by every coarse and filthy appellation, was dead. Peter had left Catherine the memory of a thousand insults. Every spark of pride within her had been humiliated times without number; every degradation which a powerful monarch could offer his own wife she had suffered. And yet, through it all "the woman within" had been uppermost in Catherine's heart. When they brought her the news of her husband's death she left the apartment in a flood of tears. For days she remained inconsolable. But she never forgot what she had suffered, and the debt she owed to Gregory Orloff. However, that individual soon began to give himself such airs that he placed his great position in danger. Catherine must have been genuinely in love with him. She allowed him to wear her portrait upon his breast, surrounded by priceless diamonds; she granted him pensions and places which brought him in a fabulous fortune every year. To Gregory's brothers the Empress was equally generous. Upon the estates with which she endowed this family no less than 45,000 serfs were employed.

Empress Catherine Replaces Gregory Orloff.

Such wealth was enough to turn the heads of wiser men than Gregory Orloff. His ambition knew absolutely no limit, and, confident that Catherine II was his slave, he might have been Tsar of Russia himself had not the resources of diplomacy come to Catherine's aid. Said Count Panine, "The Empress Catherine Alexievna can do as she chooses, but 'Madame Orloff' can never be Empress of Russia." This decided the fate of Gregory Orloff. Willingly as Catherine would have shared her Imperial prerogative with the man she loved, she would not be so foolish as to lose her crown. And as that was what seemed highly probable if Gregory were allowed any higher status than that of "First Favourite," he had to go. Catherine let him down nicely. She sent him off to Constantinople upon a diplomatic mission. She had already selected his successor; all that was necessary was the inevitable moment for the entry of the new paramour. Sorrowfully she bade "farewell!" to Gregory Orloff as he left for the Turkish capital, full of self-importance and the tremendous *éclat* of his position in the capital of the Khalifa. Catherine addressed Gregory as her "Angel of Peace."

gave him some more diamonds, and appeared to his going. Probably she *was* affected, for Gregory given her the only hours of true happiness that she had known. And had not the lust of power turned his brain, blinded him to the imminence of his fall, he might have maintained a power in Russia to the end of his days. His chagrin, therefore, as he strutted it in the Empire when he learned that he had ceased to be the Emperor's friend was, it need scarcely be said, pitiful. That he could have so quickly taken his place appeared unbelievable, and within twenty-four hours Gregory Orloff was hard for St. Petersburg. His arrival proved the truth of the story which had reached him. Orloff learned that his place had been taken by a young lieutenant of the guards, who actually occupying his own apartments, next to those of the Empress. Gregory himself would have rushed instantly to the intruder, and demanded satisfaction of him, but the Empress had forestalled him. Ere he could enter the Winter Palace Gregory Orloff was disarmed like any common assassin, kindly taken to Gutshina, whence he was escorted to his estate, and left there with an implied injunction never to leave it! That was the end of the man upon whom the Empress Catherine bestowed the title of "First Favourite." Catherine made Gregory a Prince, and saw him prosper as never a cousin, who lived but a short while, and was buried in the grave by Gregory himself. a sad and

Next Week :

Next Week:
THE HONEYMOON HORROR OF A
PRINCESS OF MONACO.

THE HONEYMOON HORROR OF
PRINCESS OF MONACO.

THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

THE MAGNETIC
How She Compels Others
To Obey Her Will.
BOOK

To Obey Her Will

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"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unfavourable the conditions may be," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning

the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears above, declares

appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to happiness to every mortal, no matter what his status in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these inner forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamps) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept., 20, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.W. 1. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention MODERN LIFE.

MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

ould not help exclaiming "Better late than never" during the week, the result of the deliberations of the British Olympic Council as reflected in the appeal



SCHOFIELD
HAIGH.
WHO
RETIRES
FROM
YORKSHIRE
CRICKET THIS
SEASON.

gave evidence of what Rugby football could be, and if we had a foreign foe who could teach us something about Association football we should be all the better for it. Cricketers in England have learned a good deal from the cricketers who have been sent over from Australia and South Africa, and the Colonial visitors, in turn, have learned a great deal. The futile attempt of the English polo team to annex the polo cup in America has put new life in English poloists, and all over the world the polo fever has assumed a higher temperature. Lord Ashby St. Ledgers has in hand the task of getting a polo team to have another try next year in America to capture that cup, which, after all, is only the concrete form of the higher gain—real victory. Lord Ashby will approach the Hurlingham Club, and his plans would more than likely enable the English players to play themselves into true form before crossing the Atlantic. Well equipped as the English players were in the summer, the uncertainty of spring had handicapped the practices, and one of Lord Ashby's ideas is that the team, when selected, should spend some time in Madrid, and there practice assiduously together.

SOUTH AFRICAN ATHLETES.

Just lately South Africa has been well to the fore in England. Of course, the unfortunate happenings industrially in Johannesburg have awakened intense excitement in England, but South African lawn tennis players have been exhibiting their ability, and in Pegler and Faulkner there are two South African cricketers who are attracting attention. Faulkner has been making some big scores for the M.C.C., and he put on over 200 at Lord's, a feat not very often seen in that classic area. W. R. Smith, the South African champion cyclist, after having won the 100 miles championship in England, and numerous other prizes and honours, of comparatively insignificant importance, has returned to his home in Johannesburg. Then there has been the expressed inability of the Amateur Athletic Association to send an athletic team to South Africa on tour. The South African athletes will be disappointed, but to a certain extent they were prepared for the disappointment. South African bodies are continually sending to England their representatives, but the athletic bodies have not experienced much reciprocity. There would be little good in South Africa receiving a team of athletes who were not really representative of the British Isles.

Lord Harris, Lord Roberts, Lord... and the Duke of Westminster. represent a good bit of money between... of us would like to handle, for Earl... Lord Strathcona and the Duke of... while Lord Harris and Lord... It now appears that the... going to be worked for all... left it so late? It was quite possi... through the results of the 1908 Olympic... they were held in London, to demonstrate the... of organisation so far as the English athlete... Other nations had been at work, and they have... ever since, and they will continue to work... British Isles are giving the world a good long... doubt, however, if this idea really... there will be cause for much congratula... Olympic Games at Berlin in 1916. The... athletic world will have improved, and that will... but the money is not going to be... individuals. The idea is to stimu... encourage games and occupations... men and women to fight their way... our soldier and our sailor be... training? No doubt there will be a... the approaching off-season,... of athletics will be encouraged to help them-

INTERNATIONALISM IN SPORT.

element in sport helps it along, and no... to see what our neighbours and our... and, having seen them and discovered... we are, there is a desire to put our house... and strangers show us the possibilities... particular game. Visitors to England from all... have taught the lawn tennis player a... the South African Rugby team



TED RAY & HARRY VARDON
WHO ARE COMPETING IN THE
AMERICAN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

CRICKETERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

The M.C.C. team for South Africa also places the "Dark Continent" in the limelight. At the time of writing, it is



not known whether Gilbert Jessop, Douglas Robinson, and Sidney Barnes, are going. South Africa will never be able to complain about the team selected, as was the case

when Warner took out the 1905-6 team. Most people think that as long as Barnes goes with the team, success is assured the tourists. If Barnes should bowl as he does in England, and as he did in Australia, he should account for some of the South Africans, but he may be distinctly off the pace of other top-notchers in South Africa. Hughie Trumble, who in 1902 in England took 140 wickets for 14 runs apiece, went out to South Africa with the Australian team and only take two wickets at a cost of 192 runs.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS.

British football has opened. Scotland always has a fortnight's start of England, but all through the month of August English teams have been having practice matches. The Chelsea trial had a suspicion of International atmosphere about it, for Chelsea Scots met and were defeated by Chelsea Englishmen. One usually sees, in practice matches, the strongest defence on one side against the strongest attack. As it happened, Halse, the new Chelsea forward, was up against the great Scottish half-back, Logan, and Halse won. Millwall had a practice match also, is almost inconceivable that fifteen and ten thousand spectators, respectively, found their way to Chelsea and Millwall. There is going to be no falling away in attendance, and, let us hope, no falling away in the character of play.

AVIATION.

There is to be a special flying meeting at the Aerodrome, Hendon, on Thursday, 28th inst. In the interests of cyclists and motor-cyclists, who will be given half-price on presentation of special coupons for admission. In addition to exhibition and passenger flights there will be a grand speed handicap has been arranged for a trophy and cash prizes to commence at 3 p.m. Many pilots who have entered the Aerial Derby will take part in this event, including G. W. Hardy, the famous New Zealand airman, P. Verrier, Lieut. Porte, R. S. Lee, and R. Slack, E. Marty, and C. Grahame-White. It is anticipated that some remarkably high speeds will be attained at the meeting, as several new machines have already arrived. Morane-Saulnier monoplane similar to that which Brindejonc de Moulinais on his wonderful 3,000 mile run from Paris to St. Petersburg and back.

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and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, Sept. 8th.

FOR COUPON AND CONDITIONS SEE BACK PAGE.

Height and Money

IF you were taller, your income would be larger. Pause to think for a moment and you will see that it is so. Make out a list of the successful men whom you know, and you will find that nearly all of them are tall.

Why should this be the case? It is because many things besides talent go to make up success. One of the most important factors is the impression which you make upon other people, and nothing influences this impression so much as your height.

If you are short you may be quite popular, but your personality cannot be convincing.

Smith, who is short, may be described by those who know him as "quite a good chap," but Brown, who is tall, is described as "a man with power behind him."

The reason why people credit him with power is because he is tall, and because his presence is therefore commanding.

By means of my special exercises I have increased the height of hundreds of students in all parts of the world, and I shall send any interested reader letters from them to prove my assertion, with the full names and addresses of the writers. Space is limited here, but the following are two of many similar testimonies to the efficacy of my methods:—

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill), writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

I do not ask you to make any drastic change in your diet, your smoking or your style of life, and all the time that you are required to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening.

I use no drugs and no apparatus, and my exercises are of such a kind that there is no possibility of overstrain.

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ARTHUR GIRVAN,

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Dept. M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N



STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Just as markets looked like settling down preparatory to good business in the autumn Turkey comes along as the latest disturber of the peace.

There has been a general disposition to mark time pending further developments in the position, and we can only hope that Turkey will not be so foolish as to continue to try and carry through her mad programme.

A small recovery has taken place in Mexican securities in anticipation of an amicable agreement with the States.

Although some highly satisfactory returns have been shown among Home Rails for the past week no further advances have been recorded.

The Kentish stocks still attract attention and Great Northern deferred have been supported. Brighton deferred are good to hold and Great Central Preference stocks look like going much better.

As I predicted there has been a reaction among Americans, but Eries and Unions are still the most favoured.

The political situation is for the moment the influence likely to dominate the market. At the same time the crop news is being closely studied and reports of showers in the corn belt have given satisfaction though apparently rain is still badly required.

A good feature has been provided among Oil shares by North Caucasians, which have been strongly bought on dividend prospects.

This company is controlled by the Shell Transport and is doing extremely well, but the rise has been carried quite far enough.

Shells have slightly reacted from the best price of the week, and Premier Pipes have recovered from the worst on more good news from the oilfields.

Maikop description are a neglected market and offer no attraction for the speculator.

The Rubber market has made a desperate effort to arouse public interest, but without success. Prices are again on the down grade.

Among Industrials there has been more profit taking in Marconis, and Cements have been on the decline.

Readers with spare money to invest in a promising 20 to 30 per cent. industrial enterprise should communicate with me.

I advise nervous holders of National Steam Car shares not to be frightened out of their holding. The company is doing well.

There has hardly been a redeeming feature in the mining markets, which have been in a very bilious condition.

Chartereds about hold their price, and Camp Birds which have been prominent with a sharp rise, I cannot recommend. If you have any sell them.

Sheba Gold are worth buying, as they pay a good dividend now and have a very promising future. The 5s. share is quoted at par and is as good a speculative investment as I could possibly put you on to in this market.

There is plenty of rubbish among mines, which still attracts buyers, but Sheba Gold are good, you get a dividend, and you do not have to buy at an inflated price.

I may be an unconventional financial writer, and my plain speaking may not always be approved by those whom it hurts, but my sole desire is to serve my readers and advise to the best of my ability and judgment. When I recommend a stock or share it is because I genuinely believe in it.

If you do not make money on my advice it is because the fortunes of war are against us, but I am bound to acknowledge that hundreds of my readers have benefited ably by following my notes during the last twelve months.

Whenever you have money to invest, if you are not sure what to buy write to me, stating the class of security you wish to purchase, and I shall always be glad to supply you with a list of the best.

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the Stock Exchange to any reader who wishes to invest or speculate.

BRIEF REPLIES.

B.D. (Birmingham).—You should secure the shares now as this is a good one and the company is making splendid progress.

F. H. (Croydon).—Sheba Gold are about the best and cheapest in the mining market, and Simmer Deep £1 shares are also worth buying. They can be secured at about 3s.

F. R. (Wood Green).—I am sorry to learn that you have got money in New Zealand Oil shares, as I am afraid there is no chance of getting a penny out of this concern. It is only a matter of time that a thorough investigation will take place, and the result will be some of their money back.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE AND WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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BY "OLD HAND."

will be found in opposition at Doncaster on the 9th, or at Kempton on October 10th, as it is thought that it would do the latter no good to give him a race against the grey at this period of his career. Next

Lady Eileen, Preferment and Samson have not been seen in public this season, and I shall pass them over. Lord Lonsdale's recent purchase, Warlingham, is undoubtedly a good horse, but I shall like him better when his trainer Armstrong, has had him under his charge longer. Verney is undergoing good work and is spoken of in connection with the Cesarewitch, a race which he won in 1910. Of Colling's pair, Red Cape and Lady Galette, I prefer the latter. Election, who is a little horse, has been going well in his gallops, and if the going is not too hard is expected to take a deal of beating. In the event of a good rainfall his chance would be considerably enhanced. Agnate ran fourth to Nutbourne at the Newmarket second July meeting, and I like the chance of Lord Decies' candidate more than that of Cylba, another of Pickering's charges. Lindsay Gordon showed good form early in the season, but has not run lately. Of the others At Last and Charlton both appear favourably treated. The former missed an engagement at Stockton with a view to this race, and is a greatly improved animal, having won her last three races. She has since done good work, and

LETTER POSTAGE 2 ¹⁰/₂. POST CARDS 19

with the stable in such form her chance appeals to me immensely. Charlton has had plenty of racing this season, but stands hard work well. He showed what a good stayer he is by appropriating the Netheravon Handicap over a mile and five furlongs at Newbury in June. For the probable winner I shall select

AT LAST.

My other selections are:—

YORK—Tuesday.

Lonsdale Handicap: Chateauguay.
Bradgate Handicap: Prince Rupert.

Wednesday.

Londesborough Handicap: Mountain Finch
Clifton Plate: Apprentice.

Thursday.

Middlethorpe Handicap: Cherisette.
Lowther Handicap: Paulban.

GATWICK—Friday.

Newdigate Plate: Sir Martin.
August Handicap: Bridge of Sighs II.

Saturday.

Moderate Plate: Knight of Tredennis.
Lowfield Plate: Sweetest Melody.

Leading Lady: Who was it that said "Hitch your waggon to a star."

Theatrical Manager (sadly): I don't know. But I do know that my waggon seems to have been hitched to a falling star.

* * *

The New Proof Reader: I've let a mistake get by. In reference to the "detective branch of the Police Department" it appears as "defective branch."

The Editor: Oh, that's all right.

ONE X ALL

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PROOF! PROOF! PROOF!

It must be distinctly understood that the Editor of "Gale's Special" deals exclusively with two races a day, never giving more than two selections for each day's racing. Since the commencement of the Flat-Racing Season this year to the end of July there have been

107 Racing Days

and during that time "Gale's Special" has given no less than

150 Winning Selections,

which have included LOUVOIS (25 pts.) for the Two Thousand Guineas; KLEINFONTEIN (10 pts.) for the Payne Stakes; LORENZO (4½ pts.) for the Manchester Cup; ST. MERIADOC (12½ pts.) for the Stewards' Handicap; GREAT SURPRISE (5 pts.) for the Windsor Castle Handicap; LOMOND (3 pts.) for the Trial Stakes; RIVOLI (14 pts.) for the Alexandra Handicap; DIADU- MENOS (10 pts.) for the July Handicap; PICTORIAL (7 pts.) for the Great Kingston T.Y.O. Plate; POTENCY (2½ pts.) for the Wistow Hall Breeders' Foal Plate; LONG SET (2½ pts.) for the Liverpool Cup, and CATMINT (12½ pts.) for the Goodwood Cup.

It has been such results as these that have inclined the whole of the Sporting Press of Great Britain to favourable comment upon the "Special that guarantees your success," and which led The Sportsman to remark that Gale's Special "gives fewer selections and more winners than any of its rivals."

To every reader of "Modern Life" enclosing this paragraph, together with 15s. we will send post free in plain sealed envelope all copies of "GALE'S SPECIAL" to the end of the season; all occasional Private Letters sent out; and next Saturday's Tattersall's Ring Wire.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Last week's issue of *Modern Life* I endeavoured to give hints to customers as to their methods and ways with tailors, and had gone into the question of how they assist the tailor to secure fair and working measure-

* * *
next point in the trying-on stage. You must not your tailor to be a conjuror or coat contortionist—he do impossibilities.

* * *
example of what I mean by this: My young friend, I referred last week, was trying on a double-breasted suit in a fair weight blue serge.

* * *
before a full-length mirror, he unbuttoned the sides, his arms wide back, then brought them down and turning sideways to the mirror, complained the collar stood off from the back of the neck.

* * *
course it did! How could it do otherwise? The collar perfectly fitting one, and perfectly in its place, until forced away by the throwing back of the arms and

* * *
next antic of my young friend was to button up the old his arms out at stretch in front of him, and object knees appearing in the front of the sleeves between

* * *
then stooped down and discovered that his trousers wrinkles across the front from fork up. This caused growl, although the trousers hung perfectly when upright and viewed them in the mirror.

* * *
this juncture I came to the poor tailor's rescue and exigent critic of clothes that there was only one suit world that would stand his twists and turns and after- and that was the suit of skin which the great Nature, had kindly built for him.

* * *
moral of all this is—when you are with your tailor be and be fair and reasonable. The latter type of man we better attention.

* * *
are seen lately a new idea in style of coat where the are lapped.

* * *
lapped, or broad seam, down the trouser leg is, of well known, and this, produced on the seams of a may take on.

* * *
coat I saw was in a fine Scotch tweed, cut with a back and deep vent. Back, side, and shoulder seams and seams of arms had all the broadish lapped effect.

* * *
wearer was a well-built sporting-looking man who set new mode, and looked well in it.

* * *
lapped seam, up to half-an-inch wide.

* * *
most novel costume I have seen for years was on view most this year on Cup day.

* * *
a very warm day, and an immaculately dressed man at and morning coat and vest struck the new note by a pair of white duck trousers, with the instep straps years ago. Cool, comfortable and quite elegant.

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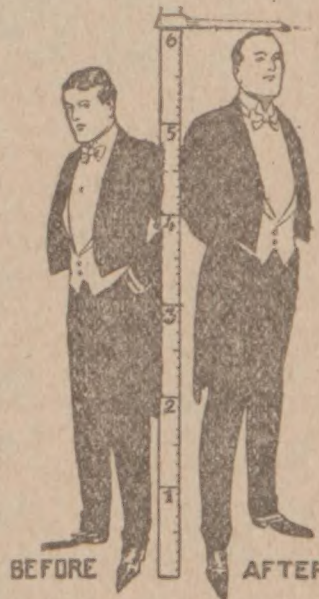
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POPULAR FOOTBALL AND OUR BIG PRIZE

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN £2 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Sept. 6th. first prize of £2 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict the coupon we will award £2 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasures or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, September 6th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 1 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, Sept. 5th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £2 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £2 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—N

Matches to be played on Saturday, September 6th. Cross in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw don't cross out either name.

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BOLTON
BRADFORD CITY
CHELSEA
DERBY COUNTY
EVERTON
SUNDERLAND
BIRMINGHAM
BRISTOL
CLAPTON ORIENT
GRIMSBY
HUDDERSFIELD
LEEDS CITY
LINCOLN CITY
CRYSTAL PALACE
GILLINGHAM
NORWICH
PLYMOUTH
READING
WEST HAM

v. LIVERPOOL.
v. OLDHAM.
v. ASTON VILLA.
v. TOTTENHAM.
v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
v. PRESTON NORTH END.
v. NEWCASTLE UNITED.
v. BRADFORD.
v. STOCKPORT.
v. FULHAM.
v. NOTTS COUNTY.
v. BURY.
v. GLOSSOP.
v. BARNLEY.
v. PORTSMOUTH.
v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
v. NORTHAMPTON.
v. CARDIFF.
v. MILLWALL.
v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature

Address

Newsagent's Name

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